



1939-40 County Fair Parade, Ivan Draper and Sylvan Burgie
(in dress).
—Submitted by Ivan Draper

Bliss & Reva Bignall Pharmacy



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*Monica Kohler
Ref - Reva Bignall
-0321
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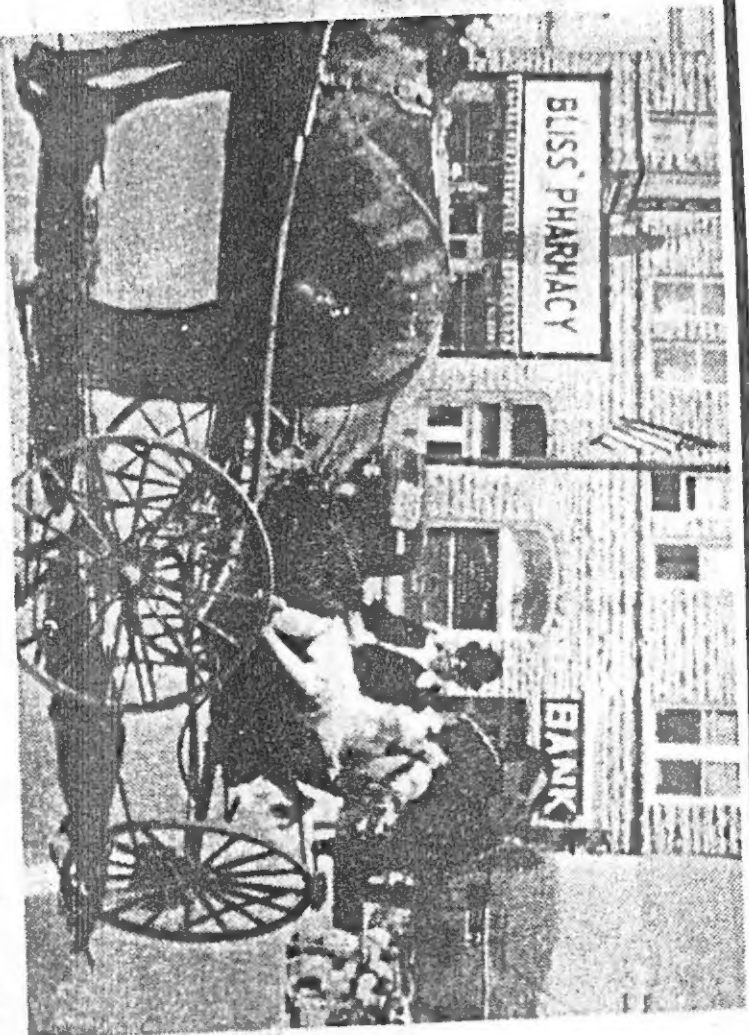
BLISS'
PHARMACY

PHONE 13. HEBER

Nov 1937



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BIGNALL, Reva Yates

Faith has ever been a guiding principle in my life. I will relate one incident in my later life.

I had a Doctor's appointment in Salt Lake City, and I was ready to leave at 11:00 o'clock. It was a beautiful late November day. I drove slowly to enjoy the late autumn color in the canyon.

I was sitting in the outer office when my name was called. Two hours later my Doctor walked into the hall with me. "Stay over night," he said "and let me know how you feel in the morning."

So to my niece's home I drove. Lois, my niece and her husband Ed were very dear to me.

"Stay with us tonight," they invited. But I had no intention of staying. I would be poor company and I wanted to be home for Sunday. I promised to call them as soon as I got to Heber.

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Before I got to Lamb's Canyon I was completely surrounded by trucks. I was very fearful.

As we neared the Heber cut-off, the trucks kept their block formation. I had no option. I had to go on. My fear mounted but, I thought, maybe I can get out of this at Coalville. It was getting very dark. A few lights from little communities shown dimly but on and on we went with only the sound of grinding engines.

Two hours later going down a little ravine I read over the top of the foremost truck—OGDEN. My terror grew.

At long last, slowing down, I read Port-of-Entry. The lead truck drove up onto the scales, then the second one, but the truck on my right side was slow and I squeezed my car ahead and pulled onto the scales.

A bull-horn blared, "Get that car off the scales!"

I got out of the car without moving it, and entered the shack.

"Look here Mr. I was surrounded by all these trucks. I couldn't get out at the Denver cut-off. So here I am. Now you tell me where I am and how to get to Salt Lake City and on to Highway 40 again!

The truck drivers entered the shack.

"We didn't know that you got yourself mixed up in our formation," they said.

The man with the bull-horn said, "Three or four miles up the Hi-Way is a road going west. It'll take ya to Salt Lake City."

The truck divers looked at me in curiosity.

I got in my car and drove forward. It seemed a long time before I got to the road leading West. I was fearful, sick, and sick at heart. Was this the road or had I been given a fast line? I put my head on my crossed arms and cried.

When I looked up a man was approaching me with a lantern.

"Trouble lady?"

"I was hemmed in by a squadron of heavy trucks. I couldn't get off the Hi-Way at the Denver cut-off nor out from the truck formation until I got to the Port of Entry."

"Ya, bout seven or eight miles back. I live up the road a piece. They called a bit ago."

"Is this the road back to Salt Lake?" I asked.

"Ya, tis. Be careful. Not a very good road. Impassable in winter. Yo'll come out som'er near Salt Lake."

"Thank you! Thank you!" I called. And I drove on.

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Much later I was on the crest of a hill, and I saw the lights of Mountain Dell reservoir. My thankfulness knew no bounds. This was the road home. I looked at my watch, I was out of gas but my car was running, and it brought me right to my own driveway.

Stiff and cold and tired I opened my kitchen door. I reached for the telephone to call the Koellickers. The clock on the wall said 11:30. My prayers had been answered, and I was thankful to be home after such a precarious adventure. 240